# FLORA,

AN

# OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the

## THEATRES.

MADE FROM

HOB, *or the* COUNTRY-WAKE.

SOUTHWARK:
Printed by *W. Rayner*, at the *Rising Sun* in *Angel-Court* near the *King's-Bench*.

# Dramatis Perſonæ

## MEN.

*Sir* Thomas Trufty, *Uncle and Guardian to* Flora.
Friendly, *a Gentleman in Love with* Flora.
Dick, *an impudent Fellow, his Man.*
Hob, *a ſimple Country Fellow.*
Old Hob, *his Father.*
*Three Servants to Sir* Thomas.
*Two Country-Men.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

## WOMEN.

Flora, *Niece to Sir* Thomas, *in Love with* Friendly.
Betty, *her Maid and Confident.*
Hob's *Mother.*

SCENE *in Somerſetſhire.*

# FLORA, *an* OPERA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*After the Overture.* Flora *and* Betty *discover'd.*

### AIR I.

*To the Tune of,* At Noon one sultry Summer's Day.

*Flora* sings. *HOW wretched are we Orphans made,*
*By dying Parents Wills betray'd*
*To Guardians Powers, who oft invade*
*our Freedom, to our Cost?*

*Like Captives they their Wards confine,*
*Pretending Care; but with Design*
*To prostitute 'em for their Coin,*
*to whoe'er bids the most.*

*Betty* ——

*Bet.* Madam.

*Flo.* It's a sad Life I lead here.

*Bet.* Life indeed, Madam, is a sad Thing any where to Lovers that are uncoupled.

*Flo.* Wer't thou ever in Love, *Betty?*

*Bet.* O most cruelly Madam; but the Man I lov'd had another more darling Mistress —call'd *Claret* — for whose sweet Society I was forsaken.

AIR II. Ye Beaus of Pleaſure.

*Betty* ſings. *The Men of Pleaſure,*
*Who count the Seizure*
*Of Virgin Treaſure*
*a pleaſing Taſk,*
*No ſooner gain it,*
*But they refrain it,*
*Nay, oft diſdain it*
*for t'other Flask.*

*Flo.* And how do find your ſelf now?

*Bet.* As moſt Folks are, after the Loſs of an old Lover.

*Flo.* How's that?

*Bet.* Ready for a new One.

*Flo.* Wou'd I were of thy Humour.——But my ſilly Heart's ſo ſet upon Mr. *Friendly*, that all Mankind beſide are no more than my Sex to me.

*Bet.* Then you muſt have him, Madam, or you'll go into a Conſumption——

*Flo.* Ay, but how ſhall I come at him, *Betty*?

*Bet.* Why run a Riſque, Madam.

*Flo.* What Riſque?

*Bet.* Run away with him.

*Flo.* Pſha! How is that poſſible! when my Uncle locks me up as if I were his only Bottle of Brandy?

*Bet.* You know, Madam, I have ſometimes the Keys of both in my Keeping——and if you uncork your Conſcience, I'll undertake, in eight and forty Hours Mr. *Friendly* ſhall have at leaſt a Dozen Go downs of you.

*Flo.* Ah, *Betty*! I'm afraid you flatter me,

*Bet.* Nay, Madam, you are as good a Judge of that as I; for you muſt own, he has a very promiſing Perſon.

*Flo.* Pſha! I don't think of his Perſon.

*Bet.* If any other Woman thought half ſo much of it, you'd pull her Commode for her.

*Flo.* Pooh! but I mean I am afraid you are not ſincere in your Advice, and that if I ſhou'd truſt you with any Deſign of that Nature! you wou'd diſcover it to my Uncle.

*Bet*

*Bet.* Ah! but if I were to live with you, and have my Wages rais'd, after you are married — I know whose Suſpicion does me a great deal of Wrong.

*Flo.* Swear then to be true, and I will truſt you. But, dear Betty, be out of the Faſhion for once, and keep your Oath; I'll tell you why I ſo earneſtly entreat you.

AIR III. I, who once wat Great, now Little am grown

*Flo* ſings. *Cuſtom prevailing ſo long 'mongſt the Great,*
*Make Oaths eaſy Potions to ſleep on,*
*Which many (on gaining good Places) repeat,*
*Without e'er d ſigning to keep one.*

*For an Oath's ſeldom kept, as a Virgin's fair Fame;*
*A Lover's fond Vows, or a Prelate's good Name;*
*A Lawyer to Truth; a Stateſman from Blame;*
*Or a Patriot Heart in a Courtier.*

*Bet.* Here then, I ſwear, by all my Hopes and Perquiſites; by the Profits of my Place in View, and double Wages in Reverſion; by your lac'd Shoes too big, and thoſe too little; by the Silk Gown you'll give me at your Wedding; by all your Manteaus, Heads, Hoops, ſhort Hoods and Cloaks, and as I hope your laſt blue Atlas never will be worn again; I ſwear ——

*Flo.* That you will inviolably keep my Secrets, and aſſiſt me to your utmoſt, in running away with Mr. *Friendly*.

*Bet.* I ſwear.

*Flo.* Then I will truſt you; and when I'm married, Betty, every Article of your Oath ſhall be made good to you ——Look here then, here's a Letter I had juſt written to Mr. *Friendly*, whom I've promiſed, at Twelve o'Clock to Night, to be upon the Mount in the Garden; and if he will take Care to meet me on the to'ther Side, and ſet a Ladder againſt the Wall, I'll toſs over my Band-box, venture catching Cold in the Dew, and take my Fortune with him.

*Bet.* There's Metal in the Propoſal Madam —— Let's ſee the Letter, he ſhall have it in a quarter of an Hour, tho' I carry it my ſelf.

*Flo.* But I won't venture neither, unleſs his Anſwer tells he'll be ready —— So dear Bettty, I have no Mortal to truſt but thee.

*Bet.* And no Mortal fitter to be truſted. [*aſide.*

*Flo.* So, now my Heart's at Eaſe —— I find my Reſolution's good at the Bottom; and ſince I have ſet my Head upon running away, 'tis not my Uncle, nor the Garden-Wall ſhall ſtop me, tho' he were as wiſe as a Biſhop, and the Wall as high as a Church-Steeple.

AIR IV. Man in Imagination.

*Tho' my Uncle ſtrives to immure me,*
*My Lover's Voice will lure me,*
*To Leap from the Mount o'er the Garden-Wall,*
*And fly this hated Place.*

*Oh, a tedious Day to me 'tis;*
*But when* Sol's *in the Arms of his* Thetis,
*Swift as the Roe (at my Hero's Call)*
*I'll elude the Hunter's Chaſe.*

Ah! ——

*Enter Sir* Tho. Teſty.

*Sir Tho.* How now! Mrs. *Irreverence*! Am I ſuch a Hobgoblin, that you ſtart at the Sight of me?

*Flo.* Sir, I did not think any Harm; bu when you come upon one unawares ——

*Sir Tho.* Unawares! What! I ſurprized you then? You Head was full of other M tters, which, I ſuppoſe, that cloſe Committee of the Fleſh and Devil have abſolutely reſolved to be the Fundamentals of your Conſtitution.

*Sir* Tho. *When a Girl of fifteen Years does attain,*
*Love's Follies invading her Brain,*
*Her Virtue's held by a ſlight Reign.*

*For Equipage, Hurry and Noiſe,*
*Gay Cloathing and ſuch Female Toys,*
*She'll forego more ſubſtantial Joys.*
*To a Feather or powder'd Tupee*
*Her Heart ſoon a Captive wou'd be.*
*To keep ſuch a one chaſte, we muſt lock her up faſt:*
*That Maxim beſt pleaſes me.*

*Flo.* Lurd! Sir, how ſtrange you talk to one.

Sir *Tho.* Talk! you Malapert; why who ſhould talk to you but I? Who am I? Huſſy, Who am I?

*Flo.* You are my Uncle by Relation, my Guardian by my Father's Will, and Jaylor againſt mine.

Sir *Tho.* Then while you are my Priſoner, Huſſy, how dare you take ſuch Liberty?

*Flo.* Becauſe Liberty, Sir, is the ſweeteſt Thing a Priſoner can take.

Sir *Tho.* Don't you think in your Conſcience now, Miſtreſs, you deſerve to be lock'd up?

*Flo.* I think in my Conſcience, you ought to let me Marry, ſince I have a Mind to it.

Sir *Tho.* Provoking! Dare you own this to my Face?

*Flo.* Why, Sir, is it a Fault? You have kept me in Priſon for theſe ten Months, and I did no know but my confeſſing it might deſerve a little of your Mercy.

Sir *Tho.* Aſtoniſhing! The Devil has harden'd you Huſſy! you are a Sight! Go, go, to your Chamber, People will ſtare at you; I would not have you ſeen abroad in this Condition for —— O Lurd! Your Brain's turn'd! You ſhall Bleed, Miſtreſs; I'll have your Room darken'd: Water-Gruel, Diſcipline and Water-Gruel! ye Gods!

*Flo.* Look'e Uncle, I find you have a Mind to drive me to a hard Bargain; therefore to let you ſee that I am no

Hagler, I'll make you an Offer which ſhall fairly come up to the moſt you can make of me —— as thus ——

*Sir Tho.* What new Diſtraction haſt thou got in thy Head now?

*Flo.* Hear me: You know I have 8000*l.* to my Fortune; and that by my Father's Will, you are to be allowed the whole Intereſt of it till I am either Married or of Age, to reimburſe your Expences in maintaining me; which ſaid Maintenance, by a moſt Computation, may ſtand you in —— Let me ſee —— About ſeven or eight Pounds a Year (for I have had no Cloths but my Mother's) —— Now, Sir, if you will immediately give me the Liberty of Marrying the Man I have a Mind to, I'll engage he ſhall conſent to the Throwing of my Fortune into the publick Funds, the Minute you throw me into his Arms. So you ſhall have the Uſe of my Pence till I am of Age, as a Premium for advancing to him the Uſe of my Perſon.

*Sir Tho.* Hum! The Girl begins to talk ſenſibly —— But 'tis not yet proper to underſtand her —— Look'e, Child, when you have perſuaded your Lover to make the ſame Propoſal under his Hand, I ſhall then believe you are equally Mad to come at one another —— —— In the mean Time, let me adviſe you to your Chamber, from whence I will allow you the lovely Proſpect of the Garden.

[*Exit.*

*Flo.* You may chance to fret for this, my very wiſe Uncle.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Friendly *and* Servant.

*Friend.* What a watchful old Rogue is this?

*Serv.* A very Dragon, Sir.

*Friend.* To uſe a young Creature ſo unmercifully.

*Serv.* Nay, Sir, ſo uncivilly.

*Friend.* How, Sirrah?

*Serv.* To force her to ſuch Extremities, to make her ſtraddle over a great Wall, and riſque her Neck down a Ladder at Midnight, when he ought to lend her his Hand into a Coach and Six out of his great Gate at Noon-Day to come to you, Sir. But the Raſcal has no Breeding.

*Friend*

*Friend.* By *Mercury*, I'll be even with him.

*Serv.* You have Reaſon, Sir, for tho' I ſay it——

*Friend.* That ſhou'd not ſay it.

*Serv.* She is a lovely Piece of Temptation, Sir.

*Friend.* What's o'Clock, Sirrah?

*Serv.* By the Moon's riſing, I believe it may be about, about, a——paſt Ten.

*Friend.* Then, Sirrah, about paſt——Twelve——

*Serv.* You'll have one of her blue Silk Stockings ſtradling over the Wall, Sir——

AIR. VI. At paſt One o'Clock, and a cold froſty Morning.

Friendly *ſings.*

*At paſt Twelve o'Clock, and a fine Summer's Morning,*
*When all in the Village ſleep pleaſantly,*
Cynthia's *bright Beams, all Nature adorning.*
*Shall guide my ſwift Steps to my lovely She.*

*Then my fair* Flora, *fraught with kind Wiſhes,*
*I'll fold in my Arms, with amorous Kiſſes,*
*Which ſerve as Preludes to more ſolid Bliſſes——*
*Soon as the Vicar has made us one.*

But where's the Country Fellow you promis'd ſhou'd carry my Anſwer to her Letter?

*Serv.* Who, *Hob*, Sir! Here he is; and if any ſuſpects his Face for a Pimp's, I have no Skill in the Science, Sir.

Enter *Hob.*

*Friend.* Well, *Hob*, can'ſt thou carry this Letter to Sir *Thomas Teſty*'s Houſe for me?

*Hob.* Yes, Zir, yes.

*Friend.* Do ſo, and give it to Madam *Flora*; but take Care no body ſees you deliver it.

*Hob.* Yes, Zir,——But muſt I carry it to Night?——'Tis main dark.

*Friend.* You muſt go immediately

*Hob.*

*Hob.* I hope, Zir, there's no Difference between you and Zir *Tomas*.

*Friend.* Why doſt hope ſo?

*Hob.* Why truly, Zir, I do here there be; and therefore I dan't care to meddle or make between Friends, for 'tis but an unthankful Office; and you know Zir *Tomas* is very cruſty, and if he does but zuſpect that I ſhau'd conzarn myzel, may hap he may take the Law of me; and you knaw, Zir, that Law is a vrightful Th ng.

## AIR VII. She got Money by th' Bargain.

Sings. *The terrible Law, When it faſtens it's Paw*
*On a poor Man, it gripes 'till he's undone;*
*A d what I am doing, May turn to my Ruin,*
*Tho' rich as the Lord Mayor of* London.

*Therefore I'll be wary, What Meſſage I carry,*
*Unleſs we firſt make a zure Bargain;*
*I will be 'dempnify'd, Throughly zatisfy'd*
*That th'am ſhan't zuffer a Varding.*

*Friend.* Piſh, the Law ſhall never trouble thee; I'll ſecure thee from any Harm.

*Hob.* Very well, Zir, very well, that's as much as I can dezire: But pray don't take unkindly what I zay, for you know no Man is willing to br.ng himzel into a Pr.munire if he con help it.

*Friend.* No, no——Prithee be gone.

*Hob.* I will Z r, I will,—for——for——Pray, Z.r, be pleas'd to read the Zubſcription for me.

*Friend.* S'Death, how I am tortur'd with this fooliſh Fellow, and I can ſend no body elſe without being ſuſpected——Do not trouble thy ſelf with the Superſcription, but del ver it as I bid thee.

*Hob.* Very good, Zir, very good——'Tis main dark——Would it not do as well, Z , if I ſhould carry it in the Morning? I had rather go in the Mo ning.

*Friend.* Why ſo?

*Hob.* Why, truly, Zir, I will t ll you: At the lower End of Zir *Tomas*'s Orchard, one of our poor Neighbours being

being in a diſparaging Condition, has gone and hang'd himzel——Now there is zome to zay that he walks by Night in zeveral zorts of Shapes.

*Friend.* What, and ſo you are afraid, are you?

*Hob.* No, indeed, Zir, eh'am not afraid——I thank Marcy, I defy the Devil and all his Works.

*Friend.* A Pox on thee then, get thee gone.

*Hob.* Tho' I muſt tell you, I have a great Concait he will appear to me,——vor you muſt know, to Morrow the Crowner's Queſt is to zit upon him, whereof d'ye zee, I'm to be one; and who knows but he may have zomething upon his Spirits that may make him break his Mind to me; and if zo, let me tell you, I'm afraid it will make a bad day for zomebody——vor if Zir *Tomas* had kept his fences whole, mayhap this Man had ne'er been tempted to have gone into his Ground to have hang'd himzel. But be that as it will, I'll do your Buſineſs vor you; therefore take you no Care, Zir——

*Friend.* Prithee about it then.

*Hob.* Ay, ay, I'll warrant you, don't trouble your zel no vurder——vor if I zay I'll do't, I'll do't, that's my Humour.

[*Exeunt*

*Enter Sir* Thomas *and* Servants.

Sir *Tho.* 'Twill be a hard Matter to ſink any of the Principal, indeed; ſo that could the Girl make good the Propoſal, I wou'd not care how ſoon ſhe were kiſs'd black in the Face; but ſhould I give her the leaſt Liberty upon it, 'tis poſſible when ſhe has made uſe on't, her Conſcience might deſire to be off. And I dare ſwear her Lover will ſpare neither Care nor Coſt to come at her without my Conſent, and Gold in particular has a prevailing Influence in a Love Affair, therefore I muſt watch my Ward myſelf—— Servants may be corrupted.

AIR

AIR VIII. Well learn to be merry and wiſe.

Sir *Tho.* ſings, *To guard the* Heſperian *Tree*
*Requires more Care than of Old;*
*That was robb'd by a half Deity,*
*And without the Aſſiſtance of Gold.*

*But in this Age, Gold ſoftens the Mind,*
*A Governante's Tongue 'twill lay mute;*
*Charm Prudes, make a coy Virgin kind,*
*Whilſt a Lover (with Eaſe) ſteals the Fruit.*

D'ye hear, Raſcals, look ſharp, for this is the uſual Hour that your ſoft ſighing Rogues run a Caterwauling.

*Serv.* Sir! Sir! yonder's ſomebody with a Light coming down the Field.

Sir *Tho.* Stand ſtill then, and obſerve.

*Enter* Hob. *Whiſtling*

*Hob* Zo, this is the Houſe——now let me zee——how ſhall I go about to do this Buſineſs? If that zame old Fox, Zir *Tomas*, ſhou'd ſpy me, he'd maul me vor zartain——But let me alone, I'll be cunning enough vor him, I'll warrant ye——If he zees me, he muſt have more Eyes than two——Hold, hold, now let mé zee vor this ſame Letter——O, here it is——For Madam *Flo——Flo*——Madam *Flora.*

Sir. *Tho.* Where are you carrying this Letter, Friend? [*Sir.* Tho. *ſnatching it.*

*Hob.* Letter, Zir!

Sir *Tho.* Letter, Sir! ay Letter, Sir! who did you bring it from?

*Hob.* Bring it vrom, Zir! I brought it vrom no body, not I.

Sir *Tho.* How came you by it?

*Hob.* By it, Zir! I did not buy it; why found it in my Pocket, Zir.

Sir *Tho.* Found it in your Pocket!——What did it grow there then, ha! Where are you going with it?

*Hob.* Going with it, Zir! I dan't knaw where ch'am going with it, not I.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* What do you do here at this Time o'Night?

*Hob.* I can't tell what I do here, not I ——I'll go home, Zir, if you pleaſe——I wiſh you a good Night.

Sir *Tho.* Hold, hold, a little, Friend, let me reward you firſt for bringing it, however.

*Hob.* Not a Varthing, Zir, indeed, I muſt not take one Varthing, for Maiſter *Friendly* charg'd me to the contrary; therefore pray dan't offer it.

Sir *Tho.* Oh did he ſo——but ſomething I will give you however; Pray take that, and that Sirrah.

[Beats him.

*Hob.* O Lard! O Lard! what do you ſtrik'n yor? avore Gad I'll take the Law of you, zee an I dan't---- what do you go to murder me?

Sir *Tho.* I'll Law you, you Rogue---- are you their Letter Carrier? there's more for you, Sirrah.

*Hob.* Bear Witneſs, bear Witneſs, zee an you dan't pay for this, O Lard! O Lard!

Sir *Tho.* Here Sirrahs, lay hold of him, till I examine the Letter. Let's ſee——To Mrs. *Flora*—right.

*The Propoſal you mention in caſe of Extremity will certainly do, but it will be a much pleaſanter Piece of Juſtice to bite him for his Barbarity*: (A Son of a Whore, he means me to be ſure) *The Ladder, and all Things ſhall be ready exactly at Twelve to Night.* (Oons) *If you have any thing farther of Moment, this Fellow is honeſt, and will convey it ſafe to your eternal Lover.*

Tom. Friendly.

yes, yes, I find he is honeſt, with a Pox to him, and I'll reward him accordingly—Here, deſire that honeſt Gentleman to walk down to the Bottom of that Well---- And let him ſtay there till I call for him.

*Hob.* I con't do it, as I hope be zav'd I con't; pray for bear, and don't murder an innocent Man.

(*Falls on his Knees.*

AIR IX. My Father he left me a wealthy Eſtate.

Sings *I never till now was conzarn'd in Strife,*
*Have Mercy, Sir* Tomas, *and ſpare poor* Hob's *Life,*
*And give me my Vreedom, as I had before----*
*I'll be a good Boy, and I'll do zo no more;*
Indeed I won't.

Sir

Sir Tho. In with him, I ſay——

*Hob.* O Lard! Maiſter *Jonathan*, I vorewarn you, dan't ye be conzarn'd in this: Conſider what you do.

Sir Tho. Oons! in with him.

*Hob.* You are all Principals, there are no' Compliſhes in Murder, Help! Murder!

## SCENE III. *A Chamber.*

*Enter* Flora.

*Flo* I heard ſtrange Noiſe without; I wiſh Things go as they ſhou'd——My Heart beats, as if Mr. What d'ye call'em were in my Arms.——Well, this Love's a terrble Thing——Wou'd the worſt on't were over——I'm afraid I ſhall never be able to go thro' with it——I am ſure here's an odd Buſtle about it. [*Enter* Betty. How, now!

Bet. Undone! undone, Madam; Your Uncle has intercepted Mr. *Friendly*'s Letter. in Anſwer to yours, and all your Deſign is diſcover'd; he raves and tears like a mad Man, and in his Paſſion has thrown the poor Fellow that brought it into the great Well——and ſwears if any Body offers to help him out, without his Order, he'll throw them in after him.

*Flo.* Well, if I am here alive, I thought it wou'd come to nothing——it vexes the Heart of me.

Bet. But come, Madam, don't be wholly diſcourag'd, for *John* tells me, 'tis a hundred to one but the Fellow's drown'd.

*Flo.* Pſha! I wiſh my Uncle was drown'd in his room.

Bet. No, Madam, but he'll be hang'd, and that's as well.

*Flo.* Do you really think ſo?

Bet. Poz.

*Flo.* Then I'll marry in ſpite of his Teeth,

Bet. Right, when he's in one Nooſe, you may ſlip into t'other.

*Flo.* Dear *Betty*, ſtep out and ſee how 'tis with the Fellow, for I'm in a thouſand Frights; and if Things are—— you know how,——ask when the Aſſizes begin. [*Exit.*

AIR

AIR X. The Laſs with the Nut-brown Hair.

*Flora* ſings To *forgive ſure is great,*
*But Revenge for Wrong's ſweet,*
*So for once let Reſentment prevail;*
*My Guardian Relation*
*Is in a Situation*
*Shou'd move a ſoft* Breaſt *to bewail.*

*But his ſordid Cruelty*
*Has ſo perverted me,*
*I can hear of his Death without Pain;*
*When he's ſwinging in his Shoes,*
*I'll tye the Marriage Nooſe,*
*And (with Juſtice) great* Hymen *ſhall reign.*

SCENE IV. *The Well,* &c.

*Enter Old* Hob *and his Wife.*

O. *Hob.* Come, Wife, never trouble thy zel, a will go a rawging zomtimes, and there's an End on't, a will come home again I warrant 'un.

*Wife.* I think o' my Conſcience it's no great Matter whether he does or no ——A baſe Raugue to be out of the Way at ſuch a buſy Time as thick is: The Zun has been up this Hour and Quarter, and that grauceleſs Boy, I warrant, has not been a-bed yet; prithee Husband ſhep and zee, a'n he ben't zotting at the Park Gate, and I'll draw th' Water in the mean time.

O. *Hob.* Do you then. [*Exit*

*Wife.* This Boy's the Plague of my Life, I think—— 'twere more than Time the Gammon had been boil'd by now. And now the Volk will come to the Wake before he be cold——and then it waunt be vit to be eaten —— A Jackanapes! when I bid 'en. and beg 'en, and pray'd 'en to ſtay, and he would go——And notwithſtanding all I have zaid, could I lay Eyes on him, I ſhau'd vorget his Rauguery and vorgiv'n.

AIR

AIR XI. The *Logan* Water is ſo deep.

ſings. *The Shepherdeſs with Looks diſmay'd,*
*Becauſe her favourite Lamb has ſtray'd;*
*In angry Search her Time employs,*
*But found —— that Paſſion's loſt in Joys.*

*So will it be with filly me,*
*When next my Truant Boy I ſee;*
*My Heart pleads ſtrongly on his Side,*
*And I ſhall rather kiſs than chide.*

Here have I been blaming the poor Boy for not minding his Buſineſs, and at the ſame Time neglect my own: I muſt haſte to wind up the Buckets, or I ſhall have Husband back bevore I've drawn a Drop of Water.

[*Goes to the Well and ſings; Did you not hear*, &c. Lud, Lud, 'tis main heavy —— Heyday —— I believe old Nick's in the Bottom o'th' Bucket, for my Part. [Hob *cries out,*] Oh, a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt!

[Hob *appears in the Bucket, and ſhe lets the Rope go, and he ſinks again.*

*Enter Old* Hob.

*O. Heb.* Heydey! what's the Matter, with a Murrain t'ye, is the Woman in her Tantrums?

*Wife.* A Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! — *Hob*'s Ghoſt in the Well — ah! ——

*O. Hob.* The Woman's turn'd Vool, I think —— let me zee, if the Devil be in the Well, *I'll* vetch 'en out on't —— here's a Rout indeed —— Wauns! I think the Devil be in the Bucket —— But now I have got 'en half Way, I'll knaw what zort of a Devil 'tis, and if he ben't a zivil one, I'll zouze 'en and zop 'en in the Bottom agen.

*Y. Hob.* Ah! hau'd vaſt, Vather, 'tis I! 'tis I!

*Wife.* Ah! 'tis there agen.

*O. Hob.* Hau'd your Peace, I zay, the Devil can't get in a Word ſon you, I think —— who's there? *Hob?*

*Y. Hob.* Ah, vor Love's zake pull away, Vather.

*O. Hob.* Prithee lends thy Hond Wife —— Bleſs my Eyes! 'tis *Hob* indeed —— what in the Name of Wonder doſt thou here, Lad?

*Y. Hob.*

Y. *Hob.* Ah! dan't 'e ask Queſtions now, Vather—— get me home—— Zir *Tomas* has don't; but if there be Law in all the King's Kingdom, I'll Capias 'en vor zartain, I dan't knaw but it may prove the Death of me; I'll zue him next Hizi Prizis an't coſt me vorty Shillings. I'll zue him, come on't what will——zee if I dan't make him pay vor't.

## AIR XII. To an *Iriſh* Tune. Trio.

Wife. *Oh! my poor* Boy,
O. Hob. *His Looks are ſtark wild,*
Wife. *Cou'd Zir* Tomas *deſtroy*
O. Hob. *So hopeful a Child!*
Y. Hob. *I'll revenge if I con.*
Wife. *Ah! talk ſo no more,*
O. Hob. *He's a great Man,*
O. Hob *and Wife.* *And we are but poor.*
Y. Hob. *All you can zay can ſignify nothing,*
*I'll Capias 'en vor't let it coſt what it will.*
Wife. *Go to* Bed, Boy, *whilſt I get thee Cloathing.*
O. Hob. *Think thou art taught to return Good for Ill?*
Y. Hob. *I'll indict 'en i'th' Crown,*
*And bind o'er to the Seſſions,*
*Tho'f I zel my Heifer, and the auld Mare.*
*Udsblead I'd hang 'en or drown 'en;*
O. Hob. —— *Vorbear ſuch Expreſſions*——
Wife. *Prithee vorgive, and be not zevere.*
Y. Hob. *I'll never vorgive, and I will be zevere.*

*Wife.* Oh, poor *Hob!* come along, Child, and I'll get thee a little Zugar-zops to comfort thy Bowels.

[*Exeunt.*

*End of the Firſt Act.*

# ACT II.

## SCENE, *A Chamber.*

*Enter Sir* Thomas *and* Servant.

Sir *Tho.* JOHN, what's become of the Fellow that fell into the Well laſt Night, has any body taken any Care of him?

*Ser.* No, Sir, your Worſhip ſaid he ſhould lie there till your Worſhip was pleaſed to call for him----

Sir *Tho.* Oons, Sirrah, you have not drown'd the Fellow, have you?

*Ser.* Who, I drown him, Sir! nay, nay, hand ye, I am but a Servant, and 'twas you bad me; an any Miſchief ſhou'd come on't, tis you muſt anſwer it ---- Fleſh! what have I to do with it?

Sir *Tho.* You impudent Rogue! wou'd you put your Villanies upon me? Did not I ſee you Collar him; did not you lay violent Hands upon him, Sirrah, and am not I a Witneſs againſt you?

*Serv.* Lard! Lard! at this Rate, a Man had as good be a Galley Slave, as a Servant ---- If one don't do as one's bid, one's Head's broke; and if one does, one's to be hanged for'— but come what will, the Gallows will hold two, that's the beſt on't.

Sir *Tho.* He ſays true, faith— Well, well, keep your own Counſel, Sirrah, and I'll ſee what I can do to ſave you.

*Ser.* Nay, nay, as for that, do you ſee, do as you ſee Cauſe— let it go thick Way, or let it go thack Way, 'tis all a Cauſe to me, go which way it will; one good Turn will require another.

Sir *Tho.* Hold your Prace, Sirrah——and be gone—— [*Exit Servant*] This ſurly Dog is not to be frighted, I ſee; I muſt (as is cuſtomary with a Man in Power) protect this Fellow in his Roguery for my own Sake.

AIR

AIR XIII. I have left the World as the World found me.

Sir. Tho. ſings.

*A Rogue that is hired*
*To do what's required,*
*And ne'er ſticks at Honour or Conſcience,*
*To compaſs his Ends,*
*Will deſtroy his beſt Friends,*
*For a Villain's ſure Friendſhip is Nonſenee.*

*Yet ſtill he may laugh,*
*Well aſſur'd he is ſafe,*
*And deſpiſe all Attempts to accuſe him;*
*For his Patron oft-times*
*Promoting his Crimes,*
*Muſt (for Self-Preſervation) excuſe him;*

*Enter* Servant *with a Letter.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's a Letter for you.
Sir Tho. Who brought it?
*Serv.* Mr. *Friendly*'s Man, Sir.
Sir Tho. Let's ſee; [*Reads.*]

*Sir, your Niece informs me, that ſhe has made you a Propoſal concerning our Marriage, which I am willing to ratify whenever you will plaſe to do me the Honour of a Meeting.* Yours.

Humph! that Meeting may be to meet with my Niece, for ought I know— I muſt have the Particulars under his Hand, before I ſeem to underſtand him: Therefore, that I don't underſtand him, ſhall be my Anſwer.—In the mean time I'll put on a ſmoother Look to the Girl, and ſhew her a little of the Country Diverſion from the Mount in the Garden; and if they are in earneſt, that good Humour will work her to work him up to my Price. Bid the Fellow ſtay till I write him an Anſwer.

## SCENE II. *The Wood and Garden Wall.*

*Enter Old* Hob *and* Wife.

*Wife.* Come, Husband, now the Boy has got on his dry Cloaths, let him be ſtirring a bit—Come, come, make haſte, the Town will be full of Volk, bevore we ſhall get vitted.

O. *Hob.* Dan't trouble thy zelf, Wife, every thing within Doors is ready, and there's nothing wanting but the Zign to put up, and look'ye, that ſhall be done preſent—*Hob*! *Hob*!

*Hob within.* What zay you, Vather?

O. *Hob.* Tap the Ale, quick, quick.

*Hob. within.* Ay, Ay, Vather.

O. *Hob.* There—now he that will drink good Ale, let him come to the Zign of the Pot-Lid—Come, Wife, let's to our Buſineſs within. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Friendly *diſguiſed*, Servant, *and* Country People.

*Friend.* If this Diſguiſe does not conceal me———

*Ser.* You'll then be out of Countenance to no Purpoſe, Sir———But pray, Sir, what do you propoſe by turning Ballad Singer?

*Friend.* I do propoſe that *Flora* ſhall know me by my Voice, and that conſequently her Wits will ſoon be at work to come at me.

*Serv.* Well, Sir, but of what Uſe can I be? for I can no more ſing, than I can faſt.

*Friend.* But you can help to draw other gaping Fools about me.

*Ser.* There's ſome Senſe in that indeed, Sir.

*Enter Sir* Thomas, Flora, *and* Betty.

Sir *Tho.* Come, Niece, if you muſt ſee the Paſtime, you may have as fair a Proſpect of it here, as in the Crowd.

*Flora.* I like it very well here, Sir.

*Friend.* Well, ho! this ſame is intitl'd, An excellent new Ballad, in Praiſe of the *Country-Wake*.

Sir

Sir Tho. Hark! we ſhall hear a merry Ballad.
*Flora.* Bleſs my Eyes! is not that he, *Betty*?
*Betty.* The very he, Madam——but huſh.

AIR XIV. *A Ballad.* Rare Doings at Bath.

*Friendly* ſings.

I.

*I'LL ſing you a Ditty, and warrant it true,*
*Give but Attention unto me a while,*
*Of Tranſactions at Court, and in Country too;*
*Toilſome Pleaſures, and pleaſing Toil.*
*Accept it (I pray) as your Help Mates you take,*
*To ſome 'twill give Joy,*
*And ſome others annoy.*
*All's fair at a Country-Wake, All's fair, &c.*

II.

" *At Court we ſee Patriots noble and juſt,*
" *Fit for Employments of Honour and Power;*
" *But then there are Sycophants, unfit for Truſt,*
" *Blend with the Great, and in Number are more;*
" *Slaves, who wou'd Honour and Honeſty ſtake,*
" *With ſordid Intention*
" *To get Place or Penſion;*
" *Strange News at a Country-Wake, Strange News, &c.*

III.

*Some Ladies at Court are ſtil'd unpolite,*
*Becauſe truly virtuous, and prone to no Ill;*
*Whilſt others, who ſparkle in Diamonds bright,*
*Are ſtript of their Pride, at* Baſſet, *or* Quadrille,
*Till their Loſſes at Play do their Lords Credit ſhake:*
*Then, their Toys to recover,*
*They'll grant the laſt Favour.*
*Strange News at a Country-Wake, Strange News, &c.*

IV.

*Here moſt of our Gentlem n Patriots are,*
*Tho' very bad Stateſmen, I freely confeſs;*
*They deſign Harm to none——but a Fox or a Hare,*
*And are always found loyal in War and in Peace.*
*The Farmer's Induſtry does Earth fertile make;*
*The Husbandman's Plowing,*
*His Planting and Sowing,*
*Gets Health and good Cheer at a Country-Wake, Gets, &c.*

V.

*Our Girls blooming fair, without Waſhes or Paints,*
*From neighb'ring Villages hither reſort?*
*They kiſs ſweet as Roſes, yet virtuous as Saints;*
*(Who can ſay more for the Ladies at Court)*
*No worldly Cares vex them, aſleep or wake,*
*But their Time they improve*
*In Peace and true Love,*
*And innocent Mirth, at the Country-Wake, And, &c.*

VI.

*The Schemes of a Courtier are full of Intrigue;*
*Here all's fair and open, dark Deeds we deſpiſe:*
*Set rural Contentment 'gainſt courtly Fatigue,*
*Who chuſes the former is happy and wiſe.*
*Now let's pray for the King, and for* England's *ſake,*
*From all Faction free*
*May his Subjects agree,*
*As well at the Court as the Country-Wake, As well, &c.*

Do you think ſhe knew me?

*Serv.* Knew you, Sir! why I bought one of your Ballads for her, and ſhe tipt the Wink upon me, with as much as to ſay, deſire him not to go till he hears from me. —— Suppoſe, Sir, you took a Cup of Nappy here, to paſs away the Time a little.

*Friend.* Call for what you have a mind to.

*Serv.* Here, Houſe!——

*Enter*

*Enter* Hob.

*Hob.* Cha'm coming, Cha'm coming Your Zarvant, Maiſter *Friendly*, I'm glad to zee you, you're welcome to the Vair.

*Friend.* I thank you, honeſt *Hob.*

*Hob.* I ſhau'd knaw that Gentlemon—— Maiſter *Richard*, I think.

*Serv.* Ay, *Hob*, how do'ſt do?

*Hob.* O Laird, Maiſter, haw d'ye do? Come, pray zit down. —— Maiſter *Friendly* —— Come, pray ſtay, and drink one Pot avore you go.

*Friend.* Sit down, or this Fellow's Impertinence will make us obſerved. What do'ſt thou do with an Apron on, *Hob?*

*Hob.* Adod, I put'n on juſt now; Vather will do as Neighbours do, and every one i'the Town almoſt zells Ale on Vair day—— But now we zell zeveral other Zorts of Liquors, and Wine too, an Occaſion be.

*Friend.* Wine!

*Hob.* Ay, all Zorts of Wine.

*Friend.* Say'ſt thou ſo? Bring us ſome *Claret* then.

*Hob. Claret*, Zir! We have no *Claret*, we mun not ſell *Caret*, 'tis againſt th' Law.—— Now you may ha' ſome of o' your *Port*, your *Red Port* now, or your *White Port*, or zuch zort of Stuff

*Friend.* Such Stuff as thou haſt then, prithee bring us.

*Hob.* Yes, Zir——Ch'am coming——Now in my Mind, Zir, what do you think of a little Zack; a little Zack now, and zome o' your Zugar in't, is main good.

*Friend.* Pr thee bring what thou lik'ſt beſt thyſelf, for I'm ſure 'twill pleaſe no Palate but thy own. [*Exit* Hob.

*Serv.* Sir, with humble Submiſſion, I don't yet diſcover any great Hopes from this ſame Project of yours. Pray, Sir, how do you propoſe to come at the Lady?

*Friend.* While the Garden Door's ſhut, and that old Dragon is ſo watchful of the Fruit, there are but little Hopes indeed. However, I won't quit the Place; Fortune may yet do ſomething unexpectedly to befriend me.

*Enter* Hob, *with Pots, Tobacco, Bread, Cheeſe and Sugar.*

*Hob.* Ch'am coming, ch'am coming——Here, Zir.——

*Friend.* Where's the Sack, *Hob.*

*Hob.* Zack, Zir! Odd I dan' knaw, I thought you ſaid you had rather have Ale.——Ale is indeed much wholſomer for your *Engliſh* Stomachs.——For my Part, I'd rather have Ale now. Maiſter *Richard*, bite a Bit avore you drink; come, and in the mean time I'll put a little Zugar in the Ale, and make it as good as I con for you. Come Zir, againſt you're diſpoſed.

*Friend.* Thank you, *Hob* —— This Fellow's Kindneſs will poiſon me. [*Aſide.*

*Serv.* Not at his Rate of Taſting, Sir, for he has not left a Drop at Bottom. [*Aſide.*

*Hob.* Adod, 'tis main good, Zir——Will you have t'other Pot, Zir?

*Friend.* No; prithee drink this too, and then fetch us a Couple?

*Hob.* Yes, Zir, I will; —Ch'am coming— [*Exit* Hob.

Sir *Tho.* Com, my merry Countrymen, every Man take his Laſs, and give us a Dance or two, and then we'll have the Cudgels out.

*Count.* Yes, an't like your Worſhip, we are all ready. Come, *Scratch*, ſtrike up. [*Dance.*

*Enter* Hob.

*Hob.* Ay, marry, Zir, well done *Ralph*, zet to un *Joan*, zet to un.——

*Wife within.*] *Hob*! *Hob*!

*Hob.* Ch'am coming, ch'am coming,—— *Toll, loll* —— In *Mary* Sides all now—Sides all. ——

*Friend. Hob*! *Hob*!

*Hob.* Ch'am coming, ch'am coming, Maiſter—*Toll, loll.*

O. *Hob. within*] *Hob*! *Hob*!

*Hob.* Ch'am coming, ch'am coming. —— What a Plague ails Vather, trow? An old Vool! —— Udsblead, he makes more a Noiſe——Set to now *William*——Ah, rarely done! In *Mary*, ah, dainty *Mary*! Turn her about *John*.—— Now, now! a murrain! —— You're quite out —— Look, *Ralph* ſhould ha' caſt off, and while *John* had turn'd *Mary* about, *Tomas* ſhou'd ha' led up *Nan*, and *Joan* met *Ralph* at Bottom agen; mean while, *John* ſhou'd have ſided with *Mary*, and then *Mary* ſhou'd back to back with *Ralph*, and then *Tomas* had come

come in again, in his own Place, and ſo all had been right ——Come, begin again——Strike up. *Scratch, Tol, lol,*

O. *Hob within.*] *Hob! Hob!* Where be ye?

*Hob.* Ch'am coming, ch'am coming: What a Devil, can't you be quiet a bit——*Tol, lol*——

*Enter Old* Hob.

O. *Hob.* Hey-day! Hey-day! This is rare Sport. Udſ-blead, I'll ſtrip you, you baſe Raug ye —— Muſt you be dauncing here, and your Mother and I at Work?

[*Strikes him.*

*Hob.* Hey-day! what's the Matter now? What! muſt I be beat all the Days o' my Life?

O. *Hob.* You grauceleſs Raug, mind your Buſineſs then, do; yonder's your poor Mother within, a ſcawring, and ſcawring till ſhe ſweats again, and no body to draw one Drop of Beer.

*Hob.* I don't care a Varthing —— I won't draw a Drop more if you go to that; do your worſt, and take your Courſe.

O. *Hob.* Sirrah, come in, and dan't ſtaund dauncing here, dan't ye.

*Hob.* I won't go in, zo I won't; if that trouble ye, I will daunce, and daunce agen. *Tol, lol, lol*——

## AIR XV.

O. *Hob* ſings. *Zure never was ſeen ſuch a Rebel,*
*Thou worſt of undutiful Boys,*
*Thy Tongue, like the Builders of* Babel,
*Confuſes the Ear with its Noiſe.*
*Remember thy dreary Figure,*
*When out of the Well thou waſt brought,*
*Thy Mother and I toil'd with Vigour*
*To ſave thee — And now thou'rt worth nought.*

Ah! thou'rt an untoward Boy as e'er was born. Mercy vorgive me for begetting thee. [*Exit* O. Hob.

*Hob.* Marry come up, what's here to do, I trow?

*Count.* Here's the Cudgels, an't like you; will your Worſhip pleaſe to have us begin?

Sir *Tho.* Ay, ay, by all means; make haſte *Roger*, and bring forth the Hat and Favour.

Rog.

*Rog.* Here 'tis, an't pleaſe you.

Sir *Tho.* Hang it up there, and he that wins it, let him wear it——The firſt *Somerſetſhire* Man that breaks a Head, here's Half a Crown for him to drink; and he that breaks that Rogue *Hob*'s Head, ſhall have another.

*Hob.* Shall he?

AIR XVI. Go vind the Vicar of *Taunton-Dean.*

*Go vind the Vicar of our Town,*
*And he'll bauld you an Angel o' my Head,*
*And I'll bet you another, and ſtake it down,*
*That I break both his, and thy Head——*
*Few bouts will ſet thoſe Matters right,*
*For my Cudgel, an't prove a good one,*
*Shaw'd make no Diſtinction 'twixt Yeoman and Knight,*
*Sing Hydon, Dood n, Cudden,* &c.

Look ye, he that breaks my Head ſhall ha' zomewhat to do, I'll tell you that.——Let'n be who he will, he ſhall earn his Money; ecod I'll rib'n; and look ye, to begin, here I'll take up the Cudgel——and now let the beſt Man here take up the t'other a'n he dare—If he be a *Zomerzetſhire* Man, let'n be a *Zomerzetſhire* Man——I fight for *Glouceſterſhire*, I don't care who knaws it.

Sir *Tho.* At him, at him there; what! is there no body dare venture upon him? Neighbour *Puzzlepate*, take up t'other Cudgel.

*Fuz.* Not I, an't pleaſe you, I have enough of'en already; he broke my Head but laſt Week.

Sir *Tho.* *Roger*——Sirrah, do you take up t'other Cudgel, and thraſh him, d'ye hear, thraſh him ſoundly, Sirrah.

*Rog.* I can't promiſe that, Zir; I'll do my beſt, I'll break his Head if I con, in Love; but if he breaks mine, much Good may do him.

*Friend.* So! if *Hob* does but get the better of the Combat, the teſty Knight will certainly be provok'd to come down, and then we ſhall have Sport—*Dick*, help to encourage him.

*Serv.* Well ſaid *Hob!* O brave *Hob!* now for *Glouceſterſhire Hob!*

*Hob.* I warrant ye, Maiſter, let me alone.

*Friend.*

*Friend.* Here *Hob*, there's an Angel for thee, and if thou breast'st his Head, I'll give thee another.

*Hob.* Don't ye vear, Maister, ecod I'l 'nomt 'en.

*Rog.* Do if thou const——I dan't fear thee, *Hob.*

*Hob.* S'bled, I'll dress thy Jacket, I'll dowse thy *Somersetshire* Coat for thee.

*Rog.* Will you?

AIR XVII. In *Taunton-Dean.*

Sings. *In* Taunton-Dean *I was born and bred,*
*And 'tis knawn, I don't value a broken Head;*
*Nor, shau'd I fear* Hob, *were he stout in his Wrath,*
*As* Hercules. *or* Goulding *of* Bath.
*Fal, lal,* &c.

Come on.

*Serv.* O brave *Hob!*

*All.* O brave *Roger!*——Huzza.

[Hob *breaks his Head, takes down the Hat and Favour, puts it on, and struts about*

*Hob.* Ecod I've don't, I've don't, efaith.

AIR XVIII. Now comes on the glorious Year.

Sings. *Now, brave* Boys, *the Fight is done,*
*And I the Prize have fairly won;*
*For I knew I cou'd beat'n four to one,*
*And that he'll sore remember.*
*Fal, lal,* &c.

Sir *Tho.* Foul, foul, foul.

*Hob* Fair, fair, fair.

Sir *Tho.* You lye, you Dog, 'twas foul.

*All.* Huzza.

*Friend.* Stand upon your Guard, *Hob*, the Knight's coming down.

*Hob.* Is he? Let'n come, and welcome, here I'll stand; I'll take no other than St. *George's* Guard. If he lets drive at me, voregad, I'll hit'n o'er the Sconce, an he were a Knight of Geld.

Sir *Tho.* Where are these Bumkins? Now, who says 'tis fair? I say 't s foul.

*Hob.* I say 'tis fair.

[*Sir* Thomas *endeavouring to come at* Hob, *is held by the Country People.*

AIR

AIR XIX. Come ſound up your Trumpets.

*Hob.* ſings. *Pray let'n come, Neighbours, for I be'nt afeard:*
*Wo'ſt think I'll be ſcar'd, like a Child at a Rod?*
*I'll keep my Ground bravely, and* St. George's
*Guard*———
*Take Care then, Zur* Tomas, *I'll 'noint ye*
*Eccd. With a Fal, lal,* &c.

[*They let him go,* Hob *breaks his Head; he draws his Sword.* Hob *and Countrymen run away,* Sir Thomas *purſues*

*Friend.* to *Flo.* Now, now, my dear Creature, if ever you wou'd redeem yourſelf or me from eternal Bondage, be kind, and fly into the Arms of Liberty.

*Flo.* What wou'd you have me do?

AIR XX. Come open the Door, ſweet *Betty.*

*Friend.* ſings. *O fly from this Place, dear* Flora,
*Thy Jaylor has left the free,*
*And before the next Bluſh of* Aurora,
*You'll find a kind Guardian in me.*

*Flora* ſings. *Fain wou'd I exchange for the better*
(*Confinement can have no other Charms*)

*Freind.* ſings. *Think, which of your Priſons is ſweeter,*
*This, or a young Lovers Arms.*

Madam, your Uncle has left the Garden Door open; there's no Mortal now to oppoſe your Flight——Scout——Scout you Dog, and ſee that the Enemy don't rally upon us.

*Serv.* Ay, ay, Sir. [*Exit* Servant.

*Flo.* Ah, but conſider, if my Uncle ſhou'd ſurprize me.

*Bet.* Conſider, the Door's open, Madam.

*Friend.* Nothing but Delay can ruin us.

*Flo.* O dear, I'm in a thouſand Frights!

*Bet.* This is downright provoking! Sir, ſince you ſee there's no Hopes of my Lady, if you can ſettle the leaſt Tip of your Heart upon her humble Servant, I'll be over the Wall in a Twinkling.

*Flo.* Hold, hold, rather than you ſhou'd break your Neck, I will venture——Well, here I am, I tremble every Joint of me; now whither will you carry me?

[*They come down.*

*Friend.*

*Friend.* To a Doctor that ſhall cure thee of all Fears for ever——To the Parſon, the Parſon, my dear Angel.

*Flo.* O Lurd! but if he ſhould not be at home now!

*Bet.* What ſhou'd we do for ſomething to be afraid of?

AIR *XX. Ranting roaring *Billy*.

*Thus Maidens bely their Deſires,*
*Yet languiſh for what they refuſe;*
*And tho' their Breaſts glow with Love's Fires,*
*Seem cold to the Joys they wou'd chuſe.*
*The Tongue and the Heart are two Factions*
*We ſcarce reconcile till made Brides;*
*Like Statesmen, our Speeches and Actions*
*Have commonly contrary Sides.*

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir* Thomas.

Sir *Tho.* There, you ruſtick Rogues, you hard-headed Dogs, I think I've at laſt met with your Sculls——I believe I have notched ſome of your Noddles for you.——Hey-day! the Garden-door open, and my Niece gone!——my Mind miſgives me conſumedly——Niece! *Betty!* Thieves! Robbery! Murder! loſt! not to be found!

*Enter* Friendly's *Servant.*

*Serv.* So, here he is, and I muſt bam him till the Buſineſs is over.

Sir *Tho.* Thieves! Thieves!

*Serv.* Pray, Sir, What's the Matter?

Sir *Tho.* Oons, Sir, let me go, or I'll run my Sword into your Guts.

*Serv.* Sir, I'm afraid your Brain's ſomething out of order, and therefore 'twill be a friendly Part in me to take care of you.

Sir *Tho.* Blood and Thunder! you Dog, get out of my way, or I'll——

*Serv.* Nay, then—— [*Preſenting a Piſtol.*

AIR XXI. Stand. who comes there?

Sings. *Stand; haae a Care.*
*Stand; have a Care.*
*One Step to move,*
*Will fatal prove;*
*For I know who you are.*

Come, Sir, make your Thruſt——

Sir Tho. What the Devil are you, Sir?

*Serv.* A Philoſopher, and this ſmall Pop is my Argument.

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, I believe you're a Highway man, and your Pop there, is your Livelihood.

*Serv.* Sir, you may be as ſcurrilous as you pleaſe, provided you don't paſs this Way.

Sir Tho. S'Death, Sir, what Buſineſs have you to hinder me?

*Serv.* Sir, I have no Buſineſs at preſent, but to hinder you.

Sir. Tho. But pray, Sir, how comes it to be your Buſineſs?

*Serv.* Becauſe, Sir, 'tis my Buſineſs to do my Maſter's Buſineſs; and I have ſome modeſt Reaſon to believe, that he and the Parſon are now doing your Niece's Buſineſs?

Sir Tho. The Devil! Murder! where are they, Villain?

*Serv.* Pray, Sir, compoſe yourſelf, for they are here.

*Enter* Friendly, Flora *and* Betty.

*Friend.* Your Bleſſing, Sir?

*Serv.* Does not that ſhew a ſweet Temper in him now, to ask it of you, that are but his bare Uncle?

Sir Tho. I am ſtruck all of a Heap and Dumb.

*Serv.* Come, Sir, don't be as obſtinate as an old covetous Father at the End of a Comedy; conſider, the main Action's over, you had as good be reconcil'd.

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, I can't be reconcil'd. [*Exit Sir* Tho.

*Serv.* Go thy Ways, like a croſs-grain'd old Fool.

*Friend.* Let him perſiſt in his Obſtinacy, it can be no Bar to our Happineſs.——You look melancholly, my Love.

*Flora.* I think I've Reaſon——You promis'd to carry me to a Doctor, that ſhou'd cure me of my Fears. But, on the Contrary, I find that the Malady encreaſes, and in nothing more than the Dread of your Inconſtancy. I have for ever loſt my Uncle's Favour, and have now no Friend but you———Shou'd you hereafter eſtrange your Heart from me, I am wretched indeed———Reflect on what I've ſaid, excuſe my Suſpicions, and remember there is no Return of Seaſons in Love.

AIR

AIR XXII. 'Twas on a Sun-ſhine Summer's Day.

*Flora* ſings. *Sweet is the budding Spring of Love——*
*Next, blooming Hopes, all Fears remove;*
*And when poſſeſs'd of Beauty's Charms,*
*Fruition, like the Summer, warms.*
*But Pleaſures, oft repeated, cloy,*
*To Autumn wanes the fleeting Joy,*
*Declining till Deſires are loſt——*
*Succeeded by eternal Froſt, Succeeded, &c.*

*Friend.* Baniſh thoſe Fears, be aſſur'd they are groundleſs ——*Dick*—— *Serv.* Sir.

*Friend.* Run, and call your Country Neighbours back again to their Diverſions, in which they were interrupted by Sir *Thomas*; tell them they ſhall be merry with me to Day, to make them amends for being frighted. [*Exit* Dick.] 'Twas a happy Interruption; for it gave us an Opportunity to be for ever fix'd in Love——Look merry, my Dear.

*Flo.* My Concern vaniſhes, now I've diſclos'd my Fears, and Chearfulneſs will ſoon reſume its Throne.

*Friend.* You ſhall never have Cauſe to mention thoſe Fears again——

*Flo.* It is eaſy to talk thus now, but the Difficulty will be to ſpeak theſe Sentiments, with Truth, a Year hence: However, as I have run all Hazards for you, Honour will oblige you to conceal your Inconſtancy from me——ſhou'd you be guilty of it.

AIR XXIII. Red Houſe. Duetto.

Flora ſings. *Let me not diſcover,*
*In thee a faithful Lover,*
Friend. *I'll never prove a Rover,*
*But true as a Turtle to thee, my Dear.*
Flora. *Love promps me to believe thee,*
*Do not then deceive me.*
Friend. *My Conduct ne'er ſhall grieve thee,*
*Let this ſuffice; my Heart's ſincere.*
Flora. *Let our Lives be ſpent——*
Friend. *In Merriment;*
Flora. *With the ſweet Cement——*
Friend. *Of ſoft Content.*
Flora. *May our Joys augment——*
Friend. *May no dire Event,*
Both. *Diſturb our Pleaſure.* *Enter*

*Enter* Dick, Hob, *and Country Folks.*

*Hob.* Is Zr *Thomas* gone?

*Friend.* Ay, *Hob*, come in, what art afraid of?

*Hob.* S'bl d, I was woundedly afraid of's Zword; had he kept to ſtick, I'd thraſh'd 'en to Mummy.

*Friend.* I'm ſorry, Neighbours, Sir *Thomas*'s paſſionate Folly diſturb'd your Sports one way, I'll endeavour to make you all Satisfaction; this is my Wedding-Day, and conſequently a Day of Jubilee

*Country Folks.* We wiſh you Joy, Maiſter *Friendly* and Miſtreſs——

*Hob.* I wiſh ye Joy too. But when I was zopp'd i'th' Well, I little thought I ſhou'd live to tell you zo.

*Friend.* *Hob*, thou ſhalt laugh at my Danger——now 'tis over.—— Come, we'll have a Song and a Dance, and haſte to my Dwelling, and finiſh the Day with Mirth and hearty Cheer: The Night I'll dedicate to Love and thee.

AIR XXIV. *Friendly* ſings.

*Succeſs this Day has gain'd me Poſſeſſion*
*Of what I love much dearer than Life;*
*The coming Night ſhall give me Fruition*
*Of all I can wiſh in a lovely Wife.*
*To enjoy the Sweets the Country affords,*
*Who wou'd not forego the ſervile Flatt'ry of Courts;*
*To hunt, fiſh, and fowl, and taſte the full Bowl?*
*There's nothing ſo healthful as rural Sports.*

CHORUS.

*Now from Envy free* —*All Friends loyally*
*Supplicate with me* —*Our Guardian Divinity*
*To bleſs the King and Queen, and Royal Progeny,*
*Send us Peace, Trades increaſe, Health and Proſperity.*
*May Cupid's Darts ſtrike ſure* —*But be the Cauſe of the Cure;*
*In virtuous Deeds delight* —*Happily all unite*
*In Friendſhip and Love.*

[A Dance, *and* Exeunt.

FINIS.